
DIVINE HYMNS,

COMPOSED

On several Occasions,

BY SARAH AVERY,

OF

LYME REGIS, DORSET.

*The Carnal Eye no pleasures here will find,
In the Effusions of the pious mind ;
Yet, where our Sov'reign deigns his love t'impart,
To gentle Charity, assents each Heart.
The God of Love his best of Gifts bestows,
On that soft Breast which melts for other's Woes.*



S ——— a.

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INTRODUCTION.

SOURCE of best joy! incarnate God, we own,
Thy Sov'reign Empire, and establish'd Throne.
Before the Mountains rear'd their spiry brow,
Or spicy Trees did with their riches bow;
Before the ample Skies their beauties spread,
Seraphic Myriads crown'd thy sacred Head.

From the third Sphere where pleasures ever roll,
And tune anew the Heav'n-devoted Soul;
Where round the Throne adoring Nations Sing,
Th' immortal honors of th' eternal King:
He on the errand of Redemption flies,
And open'd wide the Portal of the Skies;
From the high Scenes of bliss to Scenes of woe,
The Prince of Peace descended here below;
Came to his Own—his Own refus'd him place,
Spurn'd at his Ransom, nor receiv'd his grace;
Too blind to view the noon-tide rays he shed,
Too proud to own him as their righteous Head:
He bore the Sinners yoke—he mourn'd! he died!
Saints weep and love, whilst rebel tongues deride;
From the deep confines of the grave he rose,
And smiles of love on Saints below bestows.

When deep afflictions melt the fainting soul,
His secret Joys within the bosom roll;
Inspire the heart with the all-cheering Rays,
And draw from thence the heav'n-harmonious praise
Th' exhaustless theme, shall ev'ry tongue employ,
Yea! Angels join to sing redeeming Joy:
The untaught tongues of babes & sucklings raise,
Their feeble efforts to Emanuel's Praise.

The

The happy soul * attun'd to Songs divine,
 Redeeming love inspires each sacred line;
 This glorious Theme her pious pen employs.
 May ev'ry tongue resound the grateful Joys.
 Th' afflicted suppliant at a Throne of grace,
 Receives from God the smiles of his face,
 The saints their heav'nly Sire may copy here,
 Smile where he Smiles, and wipe the flowing Tear.
 He Smiles and Smites t'impres the heedless mind,
 His weighty hand a Blessing leaves behind.
 Lowly her state, ennobled by her God,
 She meekly bows Submissive to his Rod;
 And whilst his tender hand corrects his Child,
 His pleasures cheer her, and his looks are mild.
 Her soul enamour'd with the rapturous joy,
 Records the Love which her best thoughts employ:
 So when a Cloud with darkening Horror grows,
 The Sun behind a cheering beam bestows:
 But when dispersing in a fruitful show'r,
 The beamy Sun emits more fervid pow'r.
 Sacred Humanity! of Heav'nly Birth,
 Speed from the skies thy downward flight to Earth;
 Expand each Breast to glow with Love divine,
 Bid Candor sway, and all the pow'rs refine;
 Light up the Virtues with thy brighter Fire,
 And ev'ry Action of the mind inspire;
 Honor'd Attendant on our suff'ring Lord!
 Infuse thy warmth—and we'll obey his word.
 Thy potent fire shall make each Bosom glow,
 With softest Feeling for the Child of Woe.
 Oh! may th' Effusions of th' Afflicted find,
 Reception worthy of the gen'rous Mind.

S———a.

* Alluding to the Authorefs of the Hymns.

Hymn I.

H Y M N I.

*Support and Comfort under trials and afflictions, thro'
Faith in Christ, the Fountain of infinite Fullness.*

- 1 **T**HE LORD hath seen it fit for me,
That I should thus afflicted be ;
Since tis his will I'll be content,
Those Sorrows are in mercy sent.
- 2 Lord, leave me not tho' I am Poor,
I shall be rich with thee in store ;
Tho' I am low and mean on Earth,
I hope I'm born of noble Birth.
- 3 My dearest Lord, when here below,
Spent his most precious life in woe :
Then oh ! my Soul contented be,
Since Jesus dy'd in love to thee.
- 4 Tho' all my earthly Friends forsake,
The Lord on me will pity take ;
He is a Friend that's ever nigh
And loves to hear his Children cry.
- 5 He hath prepar'd a Throne of Grace,
And bids me come and seek his Face :
To him I'll go, and tell my Grief,
He will afford me quick Relief.
- 6 I have no Merit of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of his Son ;
Reveal'd in the all sacred word,
Stands the Memorial of my Lord.
- 7 Then in the Saviours' Name I'll go,
Jehovah all my Wants doth know ;
And he to me Support will send,
Shall I not Trust in such a Friend ?

- 8 When on this Earth the Poor he fed,
He heal'd the Sick—he groan'd! he bled!
Now he's ascended up on high,
He pleads their cause above the sky.
- 9 His Suff'rings, and his Death he pleads,
And with his Father intercedes;
The precious Souls his blood Redeem'd,
Are in his gracious fight esteem'd.
- 10 "Father" he says — "all these are mine,
I bought them with a Price divine;
While tost on Earth with cares and pain,
I all their Burdens will Sustain.
- 11 "In all their Troubles I am nigh,
And they shall taste the promis'd Joy;
No Evil shall my Saints befall,
For I am their eternal all.
- 12 "When Fears annoy, and Foes invade,
I'll be their shelter and their shade;
When they are full of Pain and Grief,
My Arm shall bring them quick Relief.
- 13 "My Spirit shall direct their way,
And teach them how to Praise and Pray;
I will their Souls in safety keep,
At home, abroad, awake, asleep.
- 14 "When Satan comes with cruel Spite,
And would my feeble Flock affright;
They shall be safe beneath my Wing,
For I am their Almighty King.
- 15 "Their

- 15 " Their seeming Ills to good shall turn,
Nor shall they long in Darkneſs mourn;
Tho' fainting, yet they ſhall purſue,
I am their ſtrength and wiſdom too.
- 16 " At length I'll bring them to the place,
Where they ſhall ſing redeeming Grace;
With me for ever they ſhall reign,
Free from all Sorrow, Sin and Pain.

HYMN II.

*Advice, and Conſolation to one under a ſenſe of
Sin, and the Hidings of GOD's Face.*

- 1 **A**FFLICTED Soul! why doſt thou mourn?
Thy Saviour will again return,
Nor will he ever hide his Face,
Nor long withhold his needfull Grace.
- 2 Thy kindeſt Lord, thy deareſt Friend,
Will to thy ſoul Deliv'rance ſend.
He knows the Pain thy ſoul doth feel,
And will thy broken Spirit heal.
- 3 When thou art overwhelm'd with Grief,
Look up to Chriſt for quick Relief,
In his own Time he'll answers give,
And ſay " *Thou mourning Sinner live*".
- 4 Deſpair not, lo! he hears thy cry,
Thy Suit ſhall not be paſſed by;
Lie at the footſtool of his Throne,
And there makè all thy ſorrows known.
- 5 He will in Mercy come to thee,
And ſet thee from thy Burden free;
He gives the weary Trav'ler reſt,
And makes his weeping Children bleſt.

- 6 When thou with Trials art perplex'd,
And with Temptations sorely vex'd;
Go thou unto the Throne of Grace,
Spread them before thy Saviour's Face.
- 7 He will support thy drooping soul,
And all the waves of Woe controul;
At last he'll bring thee to thy Home,
Where Pain and Grief can never come,
- 8 There shalt thou see the *Lamb of God*,
Who bought thee with his precious Blood;
And dwell for ever in his sight,
Who was on Earth thy chief delight.

HYMN III. Peace and Joy though the discovery of God's Love to the Soul.

THIS morn my joyful soul could say,
"I feel my Savior's quick'ning ray;"
With healing Beams this *Sun* did shine,
Into this frozen Heart of mine.

- 2 Then could I see amazing Grace,
That brought a wretch to seek his Face;
Who bath so oft his Love denied,
And oft his righteous Law defied.
- 3 Justly might his uplifted Rod,
Deal with me as a Foe to God;
And downward turn my erring Feet,
Where doleful shades, and horrors meet.
- 4 But ah! how different is the Case,
Come view the Love, admire the Grace:
He bids me seek his face and live,
And doth himself for sinners give.

- 5 When I can see his smiling Face,
And feel the Pow'r of quick'ning Grace;
The fleeting Moments sweetly roll,
And Pleasure fills the strengthen'd soul.
- 6 Then we can bid our Fears begone,
And fix our Hope on God alone;
Satan and Sin in vain combine,
To make our souls these ways decline.
- 7 Come Lord and tarry in my Heart,
And never more from me depart;
Oh! make thy Word and Promise sweet,
And keep me humble at thy Feet.

H Y M N IV.

*Desiring the Presence of God, while passing thro
this Wilderness, with a hope of Life thro our
blessed Lord and Saviour.*

FATHER of mercies, GOD of Grace,
Uphold us by thy hand;
Grant us the Visits of thy Face,
Thro this dark desert Land.

- 2 If in the way of Peace we go,*
We must expect to meet,
With Thorns and Briars here below,
But at the end how sweet!
- 3 In sin and Darknefs we were born,
And Darknefs is our Choice,
Distance from God we never mourn,
Till made to hear his Voice.
- 4 When we are quicken'd by his Grace,
Then we are made to see,
Our ruin'd, lost and woefull Case,
Expof'd to Misery.

And will he leave us here below ?
 His Mercy is too great ;
 The way of Life to us he'll show,
 That leads us to his Seat.

And will he deign to hear the Sigh,
 To bow his gracious Ear,
 And listen to the Sinners Cry,
 And bring Salvation near ?

Oh Yes! he will deliver those,
 Who on his Grace rely ;
 With his own Arm subdue their Foes,
 And guide them with his Eye.

While in this frail and sinful State,
 Afflictions will abound ;
 When from this Prison we escape,
 No Sorrow shall be found.

While in this dreary wild we stray, o
 And scarcely light can see,
 We wish, and wait for that blest'd day,
 When we with Christ shall be.

When freed from sin which wounds our peace,
 And poisons all our pow'rs ;
 We'll love the hand which gives release,
 To these blest souls of ours.

When freed from Flesh that Enemy,
 Which is a heavy Load,
 It soon will drop and we shall be,
 Eternally with God.

Then

Then freed from Fetters and from Chains,
We in this prison wear,
All doubt and fears, distress and pains,
Will ne'er molest us there.

Yet while in Prison we'll rejoice,
If Jesus will but smile;
His presence shall exalt our Voice,
And all our Cares beguile.

Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Break thro the Clouds of Sin,
Remove the Blindness of our Eyes,
And make our Natures clean.

While in this Desert we abide,
And Bears and Lions roar;
May JUDAH's Lion be our guide,
And Save us evermore.

Where Satan can no more molest,
Nor Sin nor Sorrows come;
Our weary Souls shall be at Rest,
In their Eternal Home.

*V. Desiring to rejoice in God, who is an
unchanging Friend, and to have Afflictions,
and Disappointments Sanctified.*

REJOICE my Soul, and bless his Name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
Tho Creatures change, and Friendship die,
Jehovah Jesus still is nigh.

May

*May Grace in all I meet below;
 Make me the more of God to know;
 Wean me from Things of Time and Sense,
 And draw my best Affections hence.*

*From earthly Cares, I learn to prize,
 My Treasure more above the Skies;
 From whence the solid Comfort flows;
 Which charms my Soul amidst her Woes.*

*My God Jehovah changeth Not,
 Tho' I so oft have him forgot;
 Wherefore my Joys are ever Sure,
 Long as the Heav'n of Heav'ns endure.*

*May this Affliction I am in,
 Make me the more to hate my Sin;
 And bring me nearer to the Lord,
 That I may live upon his Word.*

*Oh! give to me new Life for Pray'r,
 Let me be found the oft'ner there
 Where God doth with his People meet,
 And there be humble at his Feet.*

*May I with real Submission be
 Content to part with all for Thee,
 Who hath to me such favors shown,
 Such Love—so boundless, so unknown.*

*Lord, give me grace—thy Name to praise,
 Through the remainder of my Days;
 Help me to live by faith above,
 And feast on thy unchanging Love.*

*And when I feel the hand of Death,
Ready to stop my feeble Breath,
Then may my Evidence be bright;
May Jesus then appear in Sight.*

*Then manifest thyself to me,
Shew that I am complete in Thee;
Then may I soar the skies above,
And ceaseless Sing redeeming Love.*

*VI. Darknefs and Unbelief lamented, and
the return of Light ardently desired.*

OH! how I need that Heav'nly Light,
I once enjoy'd in Time that's past;
But now I set in Shades of Night,
Redeeming love I cannot taste.

My Soul is sick and weak and faint,
My Eyes are dim I cannot see;
Yet for a Savior's Love I pant,
Oh! for the Wings of faith to flee.

Unto that Rock where freely flows,
Sweet Streams of Mercy, Grace and Love;
Then would my Soul this Burden lose,
And get a glimpse of Joys above.

But Oh! my Unbelief prevails,
And many Fears and Doubts arise;
And all my Hopes and Comfort fails,
Whilst dreadful darkness veils my Eyes.

Ah! what Profeness to depart,
From my Savior's pleasant Ways;
Ah! what hardness in my Heart,
That will not let me pray or praise.

I seem

I seem to read and hear in vain,
 No solid Comfort can I find;
 It only fills my Soul with Pain,
 And greatly wounds my troubled Mind.

Self-will, Self-love, and Pride of Heart,
 O'erwhelm the Comfort of my Breast;
 Whilst Light, and Love, and Joys depart,
 And leave my wretched Soul distress'd,

Yet sure their is some Life within,
 Or else I think I could not feel;
 Nor could I sorrow for my Sin,
 Sincerely Mourn my stubborn Will.

Come thou great Sun—thou glorious Light,
 Come down with thy unchanging Love,
 And scatter all those Shades of Night,
 And bid those grievous Cares remove.

Come thou Physician of my Soul,
 Make clouds and darkness disappear;
 Heal these Complaints and make me whole,
 Then shall I know that thou art near.

*VII. A reproof for setting the Affections
 too much on Creatures.*

DOST thou not hear thy Saviour say,
 "Turn off from Creatures, turn away,
 And look to me thy Heav'nly Friend,
 On whom thy Life thy All depend.

Dost

Dost thou not know it is my Love,
Can make thy Friends a blessing prove;
I will all good on thee bestow,
Tis from my hand all blessings flow".

Alas! how often dost thou grieve,
The Holy Dove by whom we live;
When earthly Objects do enthrone,
Thy Heart, which is by right his Own.

Yes, he has often grieved been,
By thy most aggravating Sin,
And at thy vile Ingratitude,
Has often at a distance stood.

How oft hast thou been Sick with pain,
Till thou hast found thy Lord again;
And thought no more he'd bend his Ear,
And bring his Pard'ning Mercy near.

Hast thou not known, and often felt,
The Pangs of agonizing guilt,
Which tortur'd thy distracted mind,
When thou thy Saviour couldst not find.

And when he hears thy earnest cry,
Some precious Promise he'll apply,
To make thy Fears and Doubts remove,
And shew thee his unchanging Love.

May Love divine thy Soul inspire,
And raise thy strong Devotion higher;
All pray'r and praise with thankfulness,
To Christ thy Strength and Righteousness.

Hymn VIII.

VIII. Help, Safety, and Happiness in God alone.

UPHOLD me Lord with thy right hand,
While I pass thro' this dang'rous land;
What Snares, and Foes on ev'ry side,
Lord, hold me that I may not slide.

I find this World a WilderNESS,
And ev'ry day brings new distress ;
Sometimes the Waves of trouble roll,
And almost sink my heavy Soul.

Sometimes a long tempestuous night,
Doth my poor feeble Soul affright ;
But when the morning Sun appears,
I lose my sorrows, and my Fears.

But when a calm succeeds the storm,
For Sin no more I feel alarm ;
Then rising doubts and troubles roll,
Lest Grace has not renew'd my Soul.

Yet, tho' with Tempests I am tost,
If Christ is mine I can't be lost ;
On this Foundation-Stone I stand,
Supported by his gracious Hand.

Then whilst on Earth this is my stay,
Till I arrive in perfect Day ;
Come holy Spirit from above,
And warm my Heart with thy own love.

Thy gracious Aid I ever need,
That I may on thy Promise feed :
And on thy faithfull Word rely.
Believing thou art ever nigh.

Come

Come, take possession of my Heart,
 Nor let me from thy Ways depart;
 My best Affections Lord possels,
 Then shall I taste true happiness.

IX. For the Lord's-Day Morning.

ANOTHER Sabbath now is come,
 Great King of Grace come down;
 And in the Person of thy Son,
 Thy self to us make known.

Come holy Spirit from above,
 And on thy People rest;
 Grant them the Visits of thy Love,
 And make them truly blest.

The Babes in Christ do thou instruct,
 Cause Light on them to shine:
 Their tender minds do thou direct,
 In Paths of truth divine.

Now may the feeble Lambs be blest,
 Make them thy constant Care;
 And let them in thy Bosom rest,
 Secure from ev'ry Snare.

Oh! make them joyful through the day
 Within thy House of Pray'r;
 May they with Love and Pleasure say,
 That God himself was there.

May some poor Sinners on this day,
 Be made to hear thy Voice;
 Be taught effectually to pray,
 And make thy ways their Choice.

Back-

Backsliding Souls do thou reclaim,
 With weeping bring them near;
 To cry for Grace in Jesus' Name,
 By earnest fervent pray'r.

Thus Lord thy Pow'r, and Grace display,
 Thy Mercy Magnity,
 That we may all with gladness say,
 Jehovah reigns on high.

X. Thoughts on Redeeming Love.

WHILE here I sit and meditate,
 On rich redeeming Love,
 A strong desire it doth create,
 To be with Christ above.

Yet here below I'll gladly stay,
 If tis my Father's will;
 My Lord may use me any way,
 His pleasure to fulfill.

Did JESUS suffer, bleed, and die,
 And bear his Father's Frown,
 For such a sinful Worm as I!
 'Twas Love immense, unknown.

Did he endure the Curse for me,
 The broken Law fulfill?
 Oh! that I may sincerely be
 Obedient to his Will.

Did he my Captive Soul redeem,
 From Sin and endless Woe?
 Oh! that I might serve only him,
 And let all trifles go.

But can such Love be out of mind,
 And all forgotten lie?
 Come blow thou Soul refreshing wind,
 That I may upward fly.

A few days more my Race is run,
 My Journey's at an End;
 Then shall I say the Vict'ry's won,
 And Jesus is my Friend.

*XI. The Freeness of God's Love, when
 felt, constrains us to come to him with a
 humble Boldness.*

HOW boundless are thy Favors Lord,
 To vile ungrateful me,
 All my concerns thou dost regard:
 And all thy love is free.

Was it not free I never could,
 In thy affection share;
 But now I may — and Lord I would,
 Entreat thy constant Care.

My ev'ry step do thou direct.
 According to thy Word;
 From Satan's Wiles my Soul protect,
 And daily Help afford.

I find indeed I have no Might,
 Against my num'rous Foes;
 'Tis thou must all my Battles fight,
 Thy arm no Weakness knows.

And in myself I have no Will,
 Against them to contend;
 But find an awful proneness still,
 To treat them as a Friend.

A tender Conscience Lord impart,
My stubborn Will subdue;
Give me an understanding Heart,
And form me all anew.

Lord, guide me through this Wilderness,
By thy unerring Hand;
And bring me to a settled place,
In Canaan's happy Land.

Then I shall fully see and know,
If I arrive above,
That all my Trials here below,
Were sent to me in love.

*XII. Then shall we know if we follow on
to know the Lord. Hosea 6 Chap. Verse 3.*

THEN shall we know the Lord,
If we do follow on
To meditate his holy Word,
And seek him thro' his Son.

But if we will neglect
The means he hath ordain'd,
Surely tis folly to expect
The End can be obtain'd.

In Meditations Field
The Lord is to be known;
Such solid Pleasures it doth yeild,
As come from him alone.

There into him we dive
From whom all comforts flow;
Our Souls fresh Joy from him derive,
And thus the Lord we know.

But we must follow on,
 And hasten to his Throne ;
 His gracious Name still call upon,
 He'll make his Pleasure known.

When we his Courts attend,
 And to his Temple go :
 Be this our only Aim, and End,
 Still more of God to know.

May we through Grace pursue,
 The Path our Saviour trod ;
 And if we follow we shall view,
 Our great Incarnate God.

*XIII. The Presence of God sweetens Afflictions,
 with desires to have them Sanctified.*

THY Condesension Lord how great,
 Thy Favors oh ! how free ;
 Dost thou from off thy Mercy Seat
 Reveal thyself to me !

Dost thou thy Pow'r and Love make known,
 To Sinfull, worthless me,
 And from thy high and holy Throne,
 Bid doubts and darkness flee.

Thy love dear Saviour oh ! how deep,
 How large, how full, how free !
 Oh ! may thy Spirit daily keep
 My Soul more close to thee.

In all my troubles thou art nigh,
 Thou sympathizing Friend !
 Thou see'st my Pain and from on high,
 Dost Consolation send.

Thy

Thy presence to my Soul how dear,
Thy gracious Voice how sweet!
Thy words my fainting Spirit cheer,
Thus Pains and Pleasure meet!

Love beams in thy paternal Eye,
When Wisdom bids thee smite;
Health to my soul thou wilt apply,
For all thy ways are right.

Tis but a Father's gentle Rod,
Held in his tender Hand,
To stop my wandering far abroad,
On this enchanting Land.

Did he not come, and bring me back,
Oh! whither should I run,
What dreadful Shipwreck should I make
Of what his Grace has done!

But I have wander'd very far,
And this my Father knows;
And in his Love and tender Care,
The Rod on me bestows.

Oh! may the Rod a Blessing prove,
And cause me to return
Unto a God of pardoning Love,
And all my Follies mourn.

May ev'ry Pain be sanctified,
That I may grow and thrive,
Before the Rod is laid aside,
Oh! may my Soul revive.

Lord

Lord make me more alive to thee,
 More dead to things below.
 Thy word my daily Couns'lor be
 Then I shall wiser grow.

*XIV. The Soul feeding on the Promises
 by Faith.*

THE word of God when view'd by Faith,
 The Soul doth on it feed;
 And trusting what the Promise faith,
 She finds it sweet indeed.

When with this Manna I am fed,
 It cheers my fainting Heart;
 I find it is such healthful Bread,
 As strenthens ev'ry Part.

Faith looks within the sacred Page,
 And there her Lord espies;
 Behold his Love who did engage
 T'obey, and die, and rise.

There it beholds his precious Blood,
 That did for Sin atone;
 Yes! it beholds a bleeding God,
 I claim him for my own.

But farther still it lifts the Eye
 Up to his Seat above;
 Views him an Advocate on high,
 Upon a Throne of Love.

Faith from his Fullness doth receive
 All that the Soul can need;
 My Soul will on his Promise live,
 And in these Pastures feed.

Tis Faith alone that can discern
 These great and glorious things;
 Be it my Soul thy first concern
 To taste these flowing Springs.

Lord give me Faith that I may feast
 On thy unchanging Word;
 May it be sweet unto my taste,
 And solid Peace afford.

*XV. I will instruct thee and teach thee in
 the way which thou shalt go, I will guide
 thee with mine Eye. Psalm 32 Verse 8.*

Thus speaks th' Almighty Lord on high
 To sinful Man below:
 To Wisdom turn thy earthly Eye,
 And I'll her gifts bestow.

My Spirit shall descend on thee
 To guide thy erring mind;
 Thy Father, and thy Friend I'll be.
 And thou shalt safety find.

I will instruct and teach thee in
 The way which thou shalt go;
 Thou art redeem'd from Hell and Sin,
 And thou my love shalt know.

The Way I lead thee may seem hard
 To feeble Flesh and Blood;
 And thou wilt question my Regard,
 But I intend thy Good.

Art thou in darkness, doubts, and fears,
 Wilt thou on me rely :
 I'll manage all thy vast affairs,
 And guide me with mine Eye.

Mine Eye all present, doth behold
 How apt thou art to stray,
 But my right Hand shall thee uphold
 And keep thee in the way.

My strength and Wisdom shall support,
 When thou art in distress ;
 I'll either make the trial short,
 Or give sufficient grace.

When num'rous Foes beset thee round,
 I will thy refuge be ;
 I'll smite them with a lasting wound,
 And thou shalt Conqu'rer be.

Thus will I lead thee by thy Hand,
 And guide thee all the way ;
 Till thou art brought to Canaans Land,
 To spend an endless Day.

Descend thou great unerring guide,
 And lead me in the way ;
 Uphold me that I may not slide,
 Nor turn, my feet astray.

The Path tho' thorny, dark and rough,
 If strengthen'd I'll pursue ;
 If Christ be with me 'tis enough,
 He'll bring me safely through.

XVI *For the New Year's Day.*

DAYS, Weeks and Months, are fled away,
 Another Year is flown!
 And might I not with blushing say,
 Tis lost, as well as gone.

Great God, shouldst thou my life prolong,
 And guide me through this year;
 Do thou constrain my Heart and Tongue,
 Thy Name to praise and fear.

Cause me to flee from ev'ry sin,
 And keep me close to thee;
 Oh! that I may the year begin,
 With Pray'r and Praise to thee.

Lord write thy Law within my Heart,
 And keep me in thy Fear;
 That I may not from thee depart,
 Do thou be ever near.

Cause me to thirst for Holiness,
 Increase my Faith and Love;
 Grant me the Influ'nce of thy Grace,
 And raise my thoughts above.

Make me this year to bring forth fruit,
 Nor let me still remain:
 Like Plants that wither to the root,
 When thou withholdst Rain.

For all the trials I shall have,
 Do thou my mind prepare;
 From discontent, and murm'ring save,
 Make this a joyful year.

And

And when the last, the closing day,
 And Hour of Life shall come,
 Then let my Soul with Triumph say
 Now am I going home.

XVII. On Conversion.

CONVERTED Soul, consider well
 What God hath done for you ;
 He snatch'd you from the brink of Hell,
 And form'd your Heart anew.

Up to his House he made you come
 And there with you did meet ;
 He set the word of Promise home,
 And laid you at his Feet.

His gracious voice thus spoke to you :
 " No further shalt thou stray,
 This is the thing I meant to do,
 And this th' appointed Day.

" No longer shalt thou live in sin,
 No more my ways despise ;
 Amongst my Saints I'll take thee in,
 My Grace shall make thee wise.

" On Milk, and Honey thou shalt feed,
 And spotless Raiment wear ;
 With my right Hand I will thee lead,
 And will thy spirit cheer.

" My love to thee shall never change,
 Tho' I might thee chastise ;
 Tho' unto thee it may seem strange,
 The Rod shall make thee wise."

Thus your Redeemer's Voice you hear,
He speaks all this to you :

Then sure you have no cause to fear,
Since all his words are true,

Since you have in his Garden been
Implanted by his Hand ;

Long may you flourish fair, and green,
And like a Cedar stand,

Then may the Righteous Sun arise,
And dart his influence down ;

And whilst his beams rejoice your Eyes,
Let Jesus wear the Crown.

Unto him may you ever look,
On him for all depend ;

Your Sins upon himself he took,
He's your unchanging Friend.

Tho' changes in yourself you feel,
Your Saviour is the same :

May you by Faith trust in him still,
And Glorify his Name.

Thus may you travel on your way,
And feast on Jesus' love ;

Until you come to perfect day,
To Dwell with him above.

*XVIII. The Soul can live on nothing short
of God.*

THE less of Creatures Lord I find,
The more I have of thee ;

When earthly Objects grow unkind,
Thy faithful Love I see.

Thy self dear Lord is what I want,
Thy self unto me give ;

For

For less I find will not content,
By less I cannot live.

From Thee, great Source of heav'nly Bliss
I all things shall possess;
This World how poor a trifle tis,
With its best Happiness.

One Glimpse dear Jesus of thy Face
Such light and joy doth bring;
As sweetens the most painful case,
And makes thy Children sing.

But oh! what boundless Joys above,
Here from the fountain Head
I'll drink full draughts of Jesus' love,
And on his beauties feed.

XIX. On Temptation.

HOW long dear Saviour shall it be,
Before thou wilt deliver me
Out of Temptation's ruffling wind,
And keep the tempter close confin'd.

Omniscient Jesus, thou dost know
My conflict and my heavy woe;
With Sin and Satan sorely press'd,
And by his fiery darts distress.

This foe disturbs, and breaks my Peace,
And makes my Sorrows still increase;
What storms within me doth he raise,
And loads me with his envious lies.

Was not my Anchor cast in thee,
How overwhelm'd my Soul would be;
But tho' the Storms and Tempest's rage,
To save me thou dost still engage.

Thine all sufficient Grace impart,
 And cleanse my vile polluted Heart;
 Help me to lean upon thy Breast,
 And on thy faithful Promise rest.

Be thou my Captain ever near,
 And still for my Relief appear;
 My Battles fight, my Foes destroy,
 And all that doth my Peace annoy.

Then I thro' Grace thy Name shall praise,
 And to thee Songs of honor raise;
 But when I get to yonder shore,
 Then shall I sing and sigh no more.

XX. For the Lord's Day Morning.

GREAT God, on this thy holy Day,
 Thy Children meet to praise and pray
 When they within thy Courts attend,
 The influence of thy Spirit send.

Thy People's Heart oh Lord prepare,
 Help them with Wisdom's mind to hear
 The Message which from thee doth come,
 And may thy Spirit set it home.

Go forth with all thy Servants Lord,
 And let thy Pow'r attend thy Word;
 Thy Word to Saints, and Sinners bless,
 And Crown their labours with success.

Thou know'st thy Ministers are dust,
 Help them thy faithful Word to trust;
 Divine assistance Lord impart,
 And grant them an enlarged Heart.

While they to others break the Bread,
 May their own Souls be richly fed;

And

And find thy Service sweet employ,
Let them be fill'd with Peace and Joy.

May they thy sacred Truths proclaim,
And cry aloud in Jesus' Name ;
May Sinners hear thy dread Alarms,
And throw down their rebellious Arms

Then will thy Ministers rejoice,
When Sinners hear thy gracious Voice ;
May Souls attend the joyful sound,
And at a Saviours Feet be found.

But when their Work below is done
Who have the Gospel Trumpet blown :
To ~~them~~ Triumphant will appear
That God they lov'd, and served here.

XXI. Seeking Relief under Afflictions.

GRACIOUS Father be thou with us,
Cause thy Face on us to shine ;
Do thou now descend and bless us,
Let us hear thy voice divine.

Let us hear thee speaking to us,
For thy Words will give relief ;
In this Situation view us,
Exercis'd with pain and Grief.

Sanctify these sore afflictions,
And the Trials we are in ;
May they yield us some instructions,
Cause it to imbitter Sin.

Let it drive us nearer to thee,
Make us prize a Throne of Grace ;
Help us now by Faith to view thee,
And behold thy smiling Face.

This will yield rich Consolation,
 This will make the Burden light;
 Fill the mind with Resignation,
 This will clear the darkest night.

XXII. *For to be carnally minded is Death*
Romans 8, 6.

WHEN we're in an earthly Frame,
 What deadness do we find,
 We feel no love to Jesus' Name,
 No comfort in the mind.

But all is dark, and cold within,
 The Heart is hard as steel;
 Then we can feel no Grief for sin,
 Nor mourn our stubborn will.

All thoughts of God, and things divine,
 Seem to be laid aside;
 That God in whom all beauties shine,
 How oft have we denied.

We have no relish for the word,
 Our appetite is gone;
 We feel no longings for the Lord,
 Till he himself makes known.

All the Desires which we have felt
 Seem to be chill'd with Death;
 The mind beclouded is with Guilt,
 And there's no praying Breath.

The past Experience we have had
 Doth all forgotten be;
 And ev'ry thing within seems Dead,
 Or ready is to Die.

Lord

Lord send us a refreshing show'r.
 To make thy graces thrive;
 Grant us afresh thy Day of pow'r,
 And we shall then revive.

*XXIII. But to be Spiritually minded is
 Life, and Peace. Rom. 8, 6.*

THY Spirit's Influence Lord impart
 To sanctify the carnal Heart;
 Help us to meditate thy Word,
 For that doth Life and Peace afford.

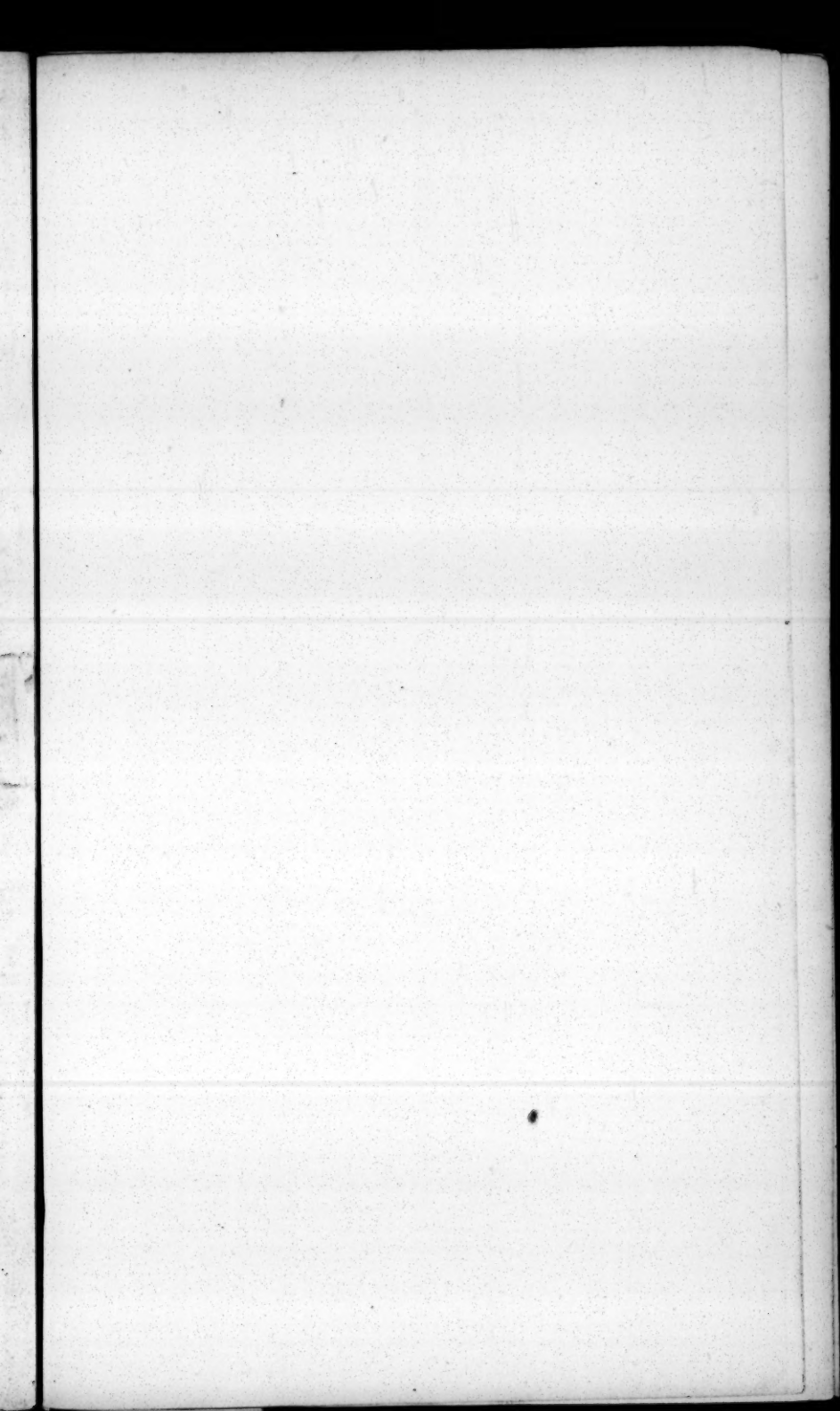
May Heav'nly Dews on us distill,
 Our Souls with Life and Vigor fill;
 Let Things above our minds employ,
 Then shall we find true peace and joy.

Lord help us to be much in Pray'r,
 Let us enjoy thy presence there;
 Oh! make our Love to thee increase,
 And this will give us Life and Peace.

Then shall sweet Consolation flow,
 And smooth the rugged Path below;
 For joys of Earth ne'er shall we sigh,
 But fix our hopes beyond the Sky.

There—when triumphant o'er the Grave,
 We well shall know his pow'r to save
 Who rais'd us from the Tomb of Earth,
 T'assert the honors of our Birth.

There—shall devotion's purer Fire
 Th' enraptur'd ransom'd Souls inspire;
 Oh! for a taste such joys afford,
 To cheer me, till I meet my Lord.



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For others of D.^r Knowles's works, see,
Suffolk Tracts, Sermons, 4to, No. 7.
——— Religious, Vol. 1. No. 2.

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